

NO - BAITs

To mislead the people, but a low price that will bear inspection and comparison with any stock in the city.

Boots & Shoes

IN DICKINSON COUNTY.

W. W. DAVIS.

Blue Front Shoe Store Opp. P. O.

"Seeing is Believing."

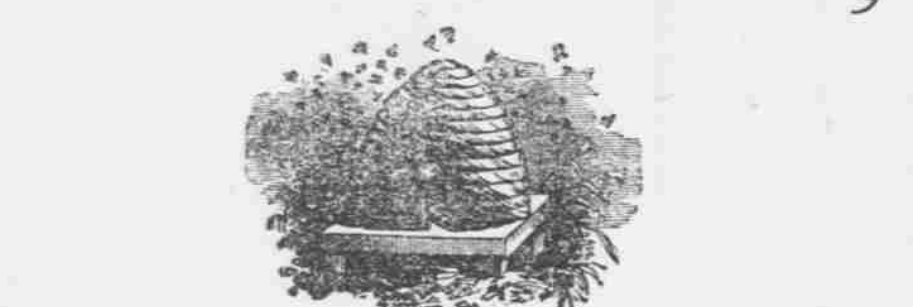
And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, beautiful, good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Rochester Lamp Store in New York.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

THE BEE HIVE.



Op. U. P. Depot, Abilene, Kas.

HAVE READY THIS MINUTE

The nicest stock in the city, marked low and ready for

ANY ONE WHO LIKES A GOOD THING.

Wesimply ask for your business, in order to save you money.

Our Wonderfully Complete Stock

Will make friends, out-shine rivals, win victories, and sell itself on its merits every time.

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, Groceries, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes are all marvels of popularity, seasonable styles and fair prices.

Our Ladies' Button Dongola Shoe at \$1.65, and Gents' Congress Shoe at \$1.65 are a great surprise to those who have tried them.

The Bee Hive.

Opp. U. P. Depot, Abilene, Kansas.



A Story of the Late War.

BY BERNARD BLOSSBY.
Author of "Loyal to Last," "My Lady Fanny," "The Great Secret," "The Fall of the House of Usher," etc.

Copyright, 1891, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

With hurrying footsteps she sought her boy's chamber, hoping against hope that in the lone hours of the night he had changed his mind and was not after all going to leave her.

One peep into the bright little bedroom and the fearful truth burst upon her. Her boy was gone.

There was the chamber she had known such pleasant trouble over—every little nook and corner, except a cabinet portrait of herself, which was taken from its frame—the snowy counterpane unrumpled, and on the bureau a letter still addressed "To Mother."

Ah, how her heart beat as she tore the envelope open and read the contents. Could woman want more loving words or dearer comfort than those precious lines contained. Even her hopeless spirit rose as she read and read the sweet message—may, she even shared his anticipation of a happy, though perhaps distant reunion. The pang of parting was over, and from that hour she was another woman. Why, even a smile played upon her lips as she perused the oft-repeated injunctions to be kind to Grace Brentwood in his absence—as if she could be any thing but kind to the sweet girl.

It was not remarkable, then, when an hour or two later that young lady tripped from the person's house down the shady lane to make her peace with the widow, that she found herself received with open arms, even before she

could utter her tremulous plea for reconciliation, for the poor child's patriotism had been put to a fearful strain during the hours of darkness, and with the dawn she had arrived at the conclusion that she could not give Frank to her country after all, though all the while she knew she was weak and selfish. So she was half-glad when she learned that the temptation of wooing him from his duty was taken away.

And while these two tender women were mingling their tears and giving each other consolation, Frank Besant, in company with James Lawson and two young farmers from the neighborhood, was being away as fast as a local freight train would carry him to Columbus.

Three of the little party were miserable enough, for there had been home-wrenchings, which had played havoc with the emotions of the honest lads, but Mr. Lawson was in exuberant spirits, as he had thirty dollars and a bottle of whisky in his pocket, and was cutting adrift from many unpleasant reminiscences. As for paying his debts—such a piece of extravagant folly had never entered into his head, and he grinned to think of Miss Ruth's innocence in supposing him capable of such a waste of money. The caboose was full of country-folk going to market, and, if you had asked the rosy-cheeked farmers' daughters, which they thought the bravest of the little band of raw recruits, they would have unhesitatingly given him the palm.

Not so the officer in command of the military depot at Camp Chase, near Columbus, who was so offensively personal and rude in his remarks to him, that he was disgusted with soldiering before he had even donned his uniform.

Thirty days of severe drill and discipline did not tend to improve James Lawson's appreciation of a military career, nor did frequent confinement in the guard-house and extra fatigue duty tend to cheer him through the worst of it. He had come from a different home than any of his companions; for the Widow Besant was well-to-do in the world, having been left twenty thousand dollars and the homestead by her husband, a physician in large practice, and, being a woman of broad accomplishments and exquisite taste, she had brought her boy up in an atmosphere of refinement his present comrades had never enjoyed.

This to a degree separated him for a time from congenial companionship, and even led to a decided unpopularity, so that when the company elected officers his name was never even offered for consideration.

"Never mind, old chap; they don't know how to appreciate merit, but we'll show them when we get to the front, who's who," Lawson said, familiarly slapping him on the shoulder, a piece of sympathy which the poor lad did not very heartily enjoy.

Then he set out to trouble with the

drill sergeant, an Englishman, who had been drafted from the regular army to teach the new recruits the noble art of war, and who, having spent his early days in humble submission to "his pastors and masters," loved, now that he was clothed with a little authority, to tyrannize over one better bred than himself, especially when the object of his animadversion obstinately refused to observe the details of military etiquette in remembering that they kept very fair whisky at the canteen and that a sergeant's throat was naturally dry.

Thus it fell out one day when Sergeant Briggs was more than ordinarily abusive, that Frank's patience nearly gave way.

"Knees and heels together and head up, you long-legged counter-skipper!" the sergeant yelled, giving the young soldier a thrust in the side that nearly took his breath away.

Frank bit his lips and did his best to keep his temper.

"Don't look at me like that, sir!" the petty tyrant roared, "or I'll trot you out to the guard-house. Now, stand attention! If you've brains enough in your thick head to know what I mean."

Frank's blood was boiling, but he did his best to be obedient.

"Fall out of the ranks!" was the next command, given in a voice hoarse with passion.

Neither the sergeant nor the culprit had noticed the approach of a tall, soldierly, middle-aged man who was now standing close beside them, gazing with interest on the scene.

Briggs colored crimson and saluted with an air of great deference.

"Dismiss the squad and report at once in my office," was the stern order, which the discomfited sergeant forthwith proceeded to do, not, however, before he had hissed in the young soldier's ear a promise of bitter retribution if he got into trouble through him.

Next day another non-commissioned officer took charge of the recruits and Frank did not see his persecutor any more during his brief stay in Camp Chase. He thought of the boys' tales told him that Briggs was "on to him," and sooner or later would find a chance to get even with him.

CHAPTER III.
ON THE ROAD TO GLORY.

The order to march had come. Uncle Sam in those days did not waste much time in turning his citizens into soldiers—perhaps not as many days as the German or English Governments would have demanded months—but when Frank's regiment, together with the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry, turned out of barracks they presented a very imposing martial array—at least so thought the country people, through whose villages they passed, and who were at that time in mortal dread of a raid by the enemy from Kentucky. So they cheered the bold boys as they went along and showered blessings on their heads, not forgetting, too, the more substantial comforts of hot coffee and cold lemonade brought in buckets by grateful women. With banners flying and drums beating his must have been a cold nature indeed whose enthusiasm was not kindled by this fluttering panoply of war.

Their objective point was the Ohio river, which they reached in due time, when they were transported by boats down the muddy but majestic stream to St. Louis.

Here their first real trouble befell them. The boys got news of the gathering storm, even before they made the city, when on stopping to "wood-up" at a lone landing, a grinning countryman yelled jeeringly at them.

"Hullo, Yanks, you 'uns 'ull get it almighty hot down at the city. The Seceshes is swarmin' over the hull place, an' they're a-goin' to give yer yer'd better turn 'round an' go home, while yer skins be to be whole."

A bullet from an officer's pistol—fired to frighten, not to kill—the joker's facetiousness short and caused him to retire with more expeditiousness than dignity, but the result of his pleasantry was observable in the serious faces of many—especially those who had been most expressive of their desire to meet the enemy. The trouble was—whether by design, or because some one had blundered—there was no ammunition. The brilliant pageant after all was but like a painted picture of war's alarms.

When, however, they reached the docks, and found the broad wooden quays deserted, the laugh went round, and the men "fell in" with many a simple jest at their own nervousness.

It was not till they reached the streets that the storm burst upon them. A cloud of dust it seemed to them at first. Then out of it crashed the roaring din of a frenzied mob shrieking vengeance.

For a moment the ranks halted. Then, loud and clear as a trumpet came the command:

"Fix bayonets! Charge!"

And, with a steady step, as though on parade, those gallant lads marched in a solid phalanx sweeping the howling crowd before them.

Frank Besant was in the rear rank of the last company, and as the riotous rallied round by-streets and massed behind the soldiers, the hardest brunt of fighting was immediately around him. As yet no serious wounds had been received by the soldiery, though many were cut and bleeding, when suddenly Frank saw his Captain, Charles Fulton, the gallant young son of his Colonel, reel and fall prostrate on the sidewalk, struck on the temple by a rock hurled from a neighboring window. In a moment he sprang to the side of the insensible man, and ere the mob was upon him, managed to drag his body to the shelter of the doorway of a handsome residence. In the turmoil the incident was unnoticed by his comrades, who marched away beyond hope of rescue.

The mob was on him. In the strength of desperation he clutched the foremost, not in his inexperience daring to trust the bayonet, but so he could it seemed to him, for as one of the

crowd fell another was upon him. Then his musket was wrenched from his hands and he was defenseless—but only for an instant, for his eye fell on his officer's sword, and he snatched it from his scabbard and turned once more upon his foes. But at the first blow, which was fended by the upraised blade of a brawny ruffian, the paltry blade snapped at the hilt.

Aye, I know many rich ladies nowadays, dressed in silks and seal-skins, whose fathers made their money by selling just such murderous trash to their country's defenders, and who have not even a blush for the blood that stains their finery.

Fighting to the last, Frank braced himself against the door and did his best. There was not a hope for him, for the mob was wild with rage at his determined resistance.

Then, as a crashing blow from an axe-handle fell on his uplifted arm, the door suddenly opened and he was hurled headlong into the hall-way. Luckily, too, at that moment the mob behind, impelled by the false alarm of soldiers advancing in the rear, hurried his assailants forward, and he had time to recover himself and drag his wounded Captain inside the house. The heavy door was slammed and bolted, and for the time he was safe.

Well might he stare around him with wondering eyes. Before him stood a young girl, pale as a sheet with excitement, but beautiful beyond his dreams of woman's loveliness. He had never seen that peculiar type of feminine perfection found only among the Southern ladies, which combines the flashing beauty of the daughter of Italy with the healthy vigor of the Saxon maiden. Somehow or other he had got it into his head that all the young women south of Mason and Dixon's line were sallow specimens of humanity with lack-luster manners and feeble constitutions, so this glorious young creature was a revelation to him.

She blushed under his ardent gaze, and said, demurely:

"I was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

crowd fell another was upon him. Then his musket was wrenched from his hands and he was defenseless—but only for an instant, for his eye fell on his officer's sword, and he snatched it from his scabbard and turned once more upon his foes. But at the first blow, which was fended by the upraised blade of a brawny ruffian, the paltry blade snapped at the hilt.

Aye, I know many rich ladies nowadays, dressed in silks and seal-skins, whose fathers made their money by selling just such murderous trash to their country's defenders, and who have not even a blush for the blood that stains their finery.

Fighting to the last, Frank braced himself against the door and did his best. There was not a hope for him, for the mob was wild with rage at his determined resistance.

Then, as a crashing blow from an axe-handle fell on his uplifted arm, the door suddenly opened and he was hurled headlong into the hall-way. Luckily, too, at that moment the mob behind, impelled by the false alarm of soldiers advancing in the rear, hurried his assailants forward, and he had time to recover himself and drag his wounded Captain inside the house. The heavy door was slammed and bolted, and for the time he was safe.

Well might he stare around him with wondering eyes. Before him stood a young girl, pale as a sheet with excitement, but beautiful beyond his dreams of woman's loveliness. He had never seen that peculiar type of feminine perfection found only among the Southern ladies, which combines the flashing beauty of the daughter of Italy with the healthy vigor of the Saxon maiden. Somehow or other he had got it into his head that all the young women south of Mason and Dixon's line were sallow specimens of humanity with lack-luster manners and feeble constitutions, so this glorious young creature was a revelation to him.

She blushed under his ardent gaze, and said, demurely:

"I was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

"But come," she added impatiently, "this is no time for explanations. Raise your friend's head while I summon assistance, for we are only women."

She was watching your unequal struggle through the window-blinds, and at last summoned up courage enough to unbar the door and give you shelter."

His eyes alone thanked her.

Mattie, give me my sashons." And before he could realize what she was going to do, she had ripped the seam of his coat sleeve and bared the bruised and snowy limb.

Aunt Mattie had shrewdly guessed what was about to follow, and already stood with a bottle of lotion at her young lady's elbow.

"Does it hurt you much?" the girl asked in a tone of exquisite sympathy as she poured the creamlike liquid over the inflamed muscles.

It seemed like Heaven to him—the delicious coolness of that magical application—the tender touch of that well-shaped hand on his burning flesh. Then she bound his wounded arm carefully with lint bandages, and, taking a silk scarf from her own neck, hastily fashioned it into a sling.

"There," she said, merrily, "that will do for the present—almost as well as grandma could have fixed it. Now let us go to pleasanter quarters."

As soon as they reached the parlor, Frank managed to express somewhat lamely his thanks for the services she had rendered him; but she was in a merry mood now, and would not let him linger on the theme of his obligations. Presently, but as it seemed to Frank quite naturally, considering the interest the girl had manifested in him, the current of conversation turned on the military movements.

After asking many questions, which Frank was unable to answer, she casually remarked, as though it was a matter of no importance:

"I suppose you are on your way to help Lyon redeem General Sigel's defeat at Carthage?"

"Really, I do not know. The commanders of the expedition have not discovered sufficient merit in me to let me share their confidence. A private soldier, young lady, is the mere cog of a wheel in the machinery of war, and knows about as much of the ways and wherefores of things as that senseless piece of mechanism does of the reason of its rotation."

"Yes, I know all that, but even a man in the ranks need not be quite a fool."

"There was such a flash of insolence in her manner that Frank started in pained surprise.

"I am really very sorry to seem so stupid," he said, coloring crimson, "but I think you are a little hard on me."

"So I am," she said, with a light laugh, for her moods were as changeable as an April sky, "and very rude and unkindly also. Pray, forgive me."

"Nay," he declared, heartily; "I have so much to thank you for that forgiveness is out of the question. Now, to turn to a pleasanter subject, may I ask the name of the fair Samaritan who has done so much to-day for sweet charity's sake?"

"Meaning me? Of course you may. Perhaps you would like my whole autobiography? It would not fill an encyclopedia, so you need not look alarmed."

Then she continued, with a pretty serio-comic earnestness that fascinated her listener: "My name is Mary Lascelles. I was born of rich but respectable parents on a plantation in the southern part of Kentucky, where I have spent the greater portion of my brief but brilliant life. Our family, which is rather old, migrated into the Blue-Grass State from Virginia—

little previously, I believe, with William the Conqueror from Normandy into England—some time previously, again, with Noah to Mount Ararat. Beyond that I am told that the family records are a trifle obscure, but we have every reason to suppose that the roots of our genealogical tree run right down to Adam and Eve, the original founders of our race."

"Then you have not always lived in St. Louis?" Frank asked, much entertained by her badinage.

"Not I, indeed. We are simply on a visit here—grandma and I—taking care of my brother's house in his absence on business."

She did not explain to him that the business which called her brother away from home was the command of a regiment of irregular Confederate cavalry, at that moment doing dashing service with Price in Missouri.

"And, may I ask," the young soldier queried, blushing and stammering like a schoolboy, "how, with such surroundings, you have retained your loyalty to the Union?"

"I thought that—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[First published in the ABILENE WEEKLY REFLECTOR, Dec. 3, 1891.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.
Under and by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of Dickinson county, state of Kansas, in a cause pending therein, wherein D. W. Naill is plaintiff and Richard D. Win and W. B. Lowrance are defendants, I will,

On Monday, Jan. 4, A. D. 1892, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Abilene, county of Dickinson, State of Kansas, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate to-wit:

Lot number eighty-six (86) on north fourth (4th) street, in Township 20 north, Range 10 east of the sixth principal meridian in Dickinson county, state of Kansas.